

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: PUBLISHED IN CLEARFIELD, BY D. W. MOORE AND CLARK WILSON; DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

TERMS.—\$1 00 a year in advance, \$1 25 if paid within three months, \$1 50 if paid within six months, \$1 75, if paid within nine months, and if not paid until the expiration of the year \$2 00 will be charged.

VOLUME 5.

CLEARFIELD, MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1854.

NUMBER 48.

STEWART HOLLAND.

"He had been deputed by the Captain to fire the signal gun, (when all the others had fled,) and amid the melancholy wail he pursued his duty.—When all hope had fled, and the vessel nearly level with the sea, Holland was seen busy with his gun. His last shot boomed out as the Arctic sunk, and he went down with her—persevering in the strict performance of his duty."

Upon the Arctic's deck was seen
A noble form, and fair;
Firm, resolute and true,
And scenes of dark despair.
His ear was pained by shriek, and wail,
And melancholy strain,
Of struggling victims all around,
Who sought for help in vain!
Doubtless in that depressing hour
Of misery and pain,
He thought of home, and loved ones fair,
He'd never see again!
How'er he did not see the wreck
To trust the treacherous wave,
Which bore some to ascending land,
But others to the grave!
His post was at the signal gun,
"When all the rest had fled,"
Nor from his duty turned aside,
To dying or the dead?
Ah! no response, no cheer was heard,
And hope had well nigh flown;
But rambled still the mountain beam
The signal's doubtful tone!
The noble youth with brow exposed,
Throughout exulted strong,
The gathering waters lashed his form
To whelm it in the flood.
And calmly with the Arctic sunk,
While yet the cannon's breath,
Went smould'ring o'er the sea's expanse,
The signal's deathly death!

JUST CHARGE IT.

A Sketch for new Beginners in Life.

"Charles what did this peach preserve cost?"

"I'm sure I don't know Hannah."

"But you bought it this morning didn't you?"

"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."

"Did you not pay for it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"O, because I don't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once in three months."

"This conversation was going on at tea-table, between Charles Mathews and his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic, who had just commenced house keeping, and as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determination to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought."

"Charles," at length she said, in a very mild persuasive tone. "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay for labor every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," returned Mr. Mathews with the air of a man who has unanswerable arguments at his command "but then it would not be near so handy. You see if I pay my store bill but once a quarter I shall save all the trouble of making change; and shall not only save some time, but also avoid mistakes."

"Mistakes!" repeated Hannah. "How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"

"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money or I may only take it on trial—then I pay for part and not for all, some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around. I am satisfied with it."

"Well perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."

"But why not?"

"Why on all accounts. In the first place you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head for I know it. There are so many little luxuries, little extras, which we do not need, but which you will be apt to buy if you do not have to pay cash down. I know something about this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything, you will get your goods cheaper.—A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand than when he has to carry out the amount to his ledger."

"But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage that way."

"You misunderstand me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit?—Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, will let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He can afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you will find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had to pay the cash for it."

"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband in a tone which showed that his feelings were touched.

"I know you did," said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder,

"and I was grateful, for I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all these things. Perhaps—and the wife spoke very low—you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days."

For several days Charles sent only such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went into the store one day on his way to work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke: "Mr. Mathews, don't you want a jar of those pickles? I carried my wife in a jar last evening and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of pickles packed up, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife has had some of those fancy ones and why shouldn't Hannah?

"Small I send you up a jar?"

"How much are they?"

"Only a dollar."

"Yes, you may send up one, and just charge it if you please."

"O, certainly; anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be happy to accommodate you."

Now this was flattering to young Mathews' feelings, to think that the trader had so much confidence in him, and he went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the store-keeper in particular.

"Only a dollar!" Yes only a dollar on the traders' books,—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket, that is different. Charles Mathews would not have bought those pickles if the cash had been required for them.

"Ah, Mathews, look here: I've got something to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.

And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out to the back side of the store and opened a box.

"There Mathews, ain't those nice oranges?"

"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they really were.

"I know your wife would like some of these, I carried some of my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."

"Those are nice. How do they come?"

"Let's see; I can send you three dozen up for a dollar; I got those very cheap. You know they are retailing at five and six cents apiece."

"Yes. Well you may send me up three dozen. Just charge them if you please."

"Certainly; anything else this morning?"

"I believe not."

And so Mathews went on. This morning it was a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents. It didn't seem very much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he would say to himself, that is not much out of twelve dollars a week. And so it might not be; but the trouble was that the next dollar was "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar with the former and call it two dollars, and with the text call it three and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a gold chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.

"Ah," returned the husband with an expressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain in this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."

"The sure I can't guess."

"O, but try—guess something."

"Well perhaps ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" cried Charles, with a sort of disappointed look. "Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars for it—why just half it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen cents fine, Jack was hard up for money, and let me have it for twelve dollars."

"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet not with so much pleasure as her husband had anticipated. "But," she added, "you will feel the loss of the money."

"Cool! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been very saving."

"But you forget one thing, Charles.—The money which you have in your hand is not yours."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it belongs to the store-keeper and to the butcher and to our landlord, you know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week besides paying his rent."

"Yes," said Hannah. "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday night and goes over to the market and buys his weeks quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for cash so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a quantity of all these articles which will keep, and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and such, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you pay twenty-eight cents."

"Twenty-eight cents!" repeated the young man in surprise.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen eggs some time ago for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they kept well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three for those you sent up yesterday."

Charles Mathews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now; and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well; even in his own eyes, as had the simple black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came round. The first bill paid was the rent which amounted to thirty-one dollars.—The next bill, the butcher's was \$30.—Charles was astonished to see how the meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had at seventeen cents per pound, the cause of wonder was at an end. Next he paid the baker's bill which was thirteen dollars. When he had come home in the evening he had paid all his bills except his grocery bill.

"Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day," said his wife after supper.

"Ah, did he? let me see it."

Hannah brought it and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to the bottom of the column his face turned a shade paler. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars a week.

"This is impossible!" he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost only a dollar, looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.

"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder, and parting the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.

"How much shall I lay up?" he repeated. "Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up. Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First Hannah put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher, and the baker.

"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theater tickets, and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages and see how much remains."

Hannah performed the sum and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

"Fifty-two dollars," uttered Charles, sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing or furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had to save thirty at least."

"Well it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. Let's commence again, there's nothing like trying you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate and then upon the floor. At last he spoke; there was a peculiar light in his eye and a flush upon his countenance.

"Hannah I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong; if I had paid for everything as I bought it, I should not have been where I am now in pecuniary matters. You are right, I see it all now, I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."

"That matter can be easily settled," said Hannah, with a bright, happy look, "I have more than enough to make up the amount of that bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."

Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on the subject. It was her will and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill and on his way home he sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he got the old black cord once more about

his neck, and the money now to commence the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of meat for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.

"O, three or four"—

Charles got thus far, and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said.—He stopped and saw it weighed and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough and there was none to waste.—The next morning he went to the store.—Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come which he showed. For a moment Charles hesitated, but then he remembered that he had to pay for all he bought, he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not quite so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way, and thus things went on through the week.—

When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent. That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him thro' the week. He found that he made a saving of at least 20 per cent by this operation, and when opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Mathews did not have to get any slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was all his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," he said as he held the money in his hand and looked at it, "now I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes of paying as I go along. It is very simple and easy to say: 'Just charge it!' and a man may easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes these three simple words that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I would not have believed it had I not tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it the more explicitly now."

Charles Mathews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system, but he followed the cash rule punctually, and the consequence has been that he cannot only now buy any quantity of produce, wood coal, &c. at cheap cash prices, but he has cut off the expense of house-rent, for he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs, and it is all paid for.

THE PACK OF CARDS.

A nobleman in London, who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gambler. Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declared he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when he beheld a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the name of a card title bundle in my pocket is my Almanac."

"Your Almanac, indeed! then I desire that you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, that intimates the four quarters in the year; as there are thirteen weeks in a quarter; there are the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in a pack, that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely, you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiply by twenty-four and sixty and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year. Thus sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my Almanac; and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it my prayer-book also."

"I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions: Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve Patriarchs, from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The queen, of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from the plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their vice. The nine reminds me of the muses; the eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture to be released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stands before the throne of God; the seven seals wherein the book of life is sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions in the Lord's prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man, hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists, the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three hours our Saviour was on the cross; the three days he lay in the tomb. The two reminds me of the two testaments; the two contrary principles struggling in man, virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship and serve; one truth to practice, and one good master to serve and obey."

"So far is very well," said the nobleman, but I believe you have omitted one card, the knave."

"True, my lord, the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer."

The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged the informer.

MISERY OF STATESMEN.

Probably few great philosophic statesmen—few men, that is, who acted intimately in public affairs as well as contemplated them from the closet—ever quitted the stage without a feeling of profound disappointment. Whether successful or unsuccessful, as the world would deem them, a sense of sadness and disappointment seems to prevail over every sentiment.—They have attained so few of their objects; they have seen so much more than ordinary men of the dangers and difficulties of the nations, and of vice and wickedness of public men. Not many Englishmen governed so long or so successfully as Sir Robert Peel, or set in such halo of blessings and esteem; yet shortly before his death he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life had led upon his mind a prevalent impression of gloom and grief! Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? Who ever enjoyed to such a degree, and to the end the confidence and gratitude of his country? "Yet," says Goizutt, towards the close of his life, in the sweet and dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of his lassitude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so serenely great—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of long life spent in men's concerns." Power is a heavy burden, and making a hard task-master, to him who is struggling virtuously against their passions and errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conflict, and the weariness contracted on the scene of action is prolonged even in the bosom of repose.

Alfred Artis, of Shelby county, Ohio, was tried last week and convicted of murder in the first degree. The charge against him was, that about a year ago he caused the death of his own daughter, a young girl, murdering her by the slow process of starvation, exposure, and the most disgusting and fiendish cruelties. Another daughter, older than the deceased, was witness against him.

DR. BEALE'S CASE AGAIN.

The New York Evening Mirror of December 4th, contains a very interesting letter from a New Hampshire physician on the Beale case.

The letter-writer says: I have had some experience with the different anesthetic agents which have been employed for the past eight or nine years, and my own observation and that of others with whom I have been in communication, has been such that I deem it hazardous for any man to administer them to females without the presence of third parties, or under such circumstances as would render it easy to disprove any unfavorable charges that might be preferred by the subject."

Either is described by the letter writer as nearly or quite delirious reason, sometimes for hours, and frequently hurrying the imagination and feelings through indescribable scenes and visions of the wildest tumult.

The writer then furnishes a number of instances in elucidation of his theory, from which we take the following:

"For instance, a married lady, residing in Roxbury, Mass., went to the office of her dentist in Boston, and inhaled ether for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. When consciousness returned, she opened her eyes for a moment, then covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, saying, as soon as she could speak, 'I thought it was George,' her husband's christian name.

She had imagined she was in her own house kissing and caressing her husband, and though she saw that that part of her dream must be false—she neither being at home, nor in company with her husband—yet the dentist stood over her, which rendered it sensible for the kissing caressing to be real, by supposing that she had mistaken him for her husband. She at once adopted this version of the case, and it required the strongest assurance on the part of the dentist, many times repeated, to quiet her; and, though her judgment was at length convinced, she having confidence in the gentleman's integrity, yet an impression was left upon her mind which was not effaced for weeks after; but nothing but her continued confidence in the dentist, upon his re-assurance, prevented a very unpleasant affair.

Not far from the same time, the same dentist had the following case. He administered ether or chloroform to a Miss some fourteen years old, in the presence of her mother, who stood over her until the effect passed off, when the girl declared that the dentist had been kissing her, and her mother found it very difficult to persuade her out of that conviction. This same young lady came in again some time after alone, and had a tooth extracted under the influence of some one of these agents, and insisted in leaving the office before she had fully recovered her strength, although she talked quite rationally. The dentist tried to persuade her to allow him to call a carriage, or to accompany her home, but she would not submit to either arrangement, and left the office alone. Her home was but a few blocks distant, and after reaching it, she became delirious, and declared to her friends that the dentist had treated her with great severity after she recovered from the effects of the ether, and nearly drove her into the street, that she begged of him to call a carriage for her, but he would not do it. Her friends, on inquiry became perfectly satisfied that it was all a delusion on the part of the young lady, but they could never affect her mind or feelings toward the dentist. Several years have passed since, and the young lady has still been under the advice and practice of this dentist, as before, she has never yielded, and will have no intercourse with him.

How GUNS ARE SPIKED.—A correspondent of the London Herald describes how the Russians spike the guns—"The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco-pipe; the head flat; a barb on the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch-holes. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun, it resumes its position and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch-holes, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it would do. Its application is the work of a moment—a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—George Keller, of Fox township, Elk county, a few days ago was driving a yoke of steers, when one of them became stubborn, and made a lunge at him, and hooked out one of his eyes and otherwise injured him.

The Boston Bee says: "A man can get along without advertising; so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes rather hard."

The river Amazon in South America, drains a district of country twice as large as the whole Mississippi Valley.

Potatoes, pretty girls, eggs, rich printers, big fortunes, know-nothings, continue to be scarce.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee," and at that precise moment the "bad man" was felled by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker had been known to carry.

Won't go off.—Girls after they are thirty years of age.